

A Quiet Praise For Water

--for those remaining, in memory of d. a. levy

First dust, fear,
 nervousness
Then a quiet praise for water
River that courses through you
 in the course of time drop by drop
River that courses away drop by drop
 in the day time
In the end
 it is dry dust again
Be patient of the end, love only
 the moment of water
Love the drops in the cloud
Love the drops in the ocean
Love the drops in the basin, the cup
Love the drops in the engine
 that frees you
We are these in this water
We are aflow
 with you, water
 drop
 in the grass,
 the lingam,
 the yoni
Love the drops in the morning,
 at noonday,
 in evening
Love the drops in the beak
 of the bird
 and the leaf of the cabbage
Water, come soft, come gentle
Be patient, accepting -- you and I
Water, come a long time, let
 old age only be victim (nature-al, order)
Let dust in this river
 come out of this river
Let creatures not stick here,
 this water their quicksand
Or, you who are light, not to
 grow heavy, not sink,
 but to flow
 without fear of the end,
 like a river
Love, like the river within you
And. Love, the jewel drop
 in water
 and in the eye
 of each flowing creature

-- George Dowden

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